

A QUIET LENTEN WEEK IN THE WORLD OF SOCIETY.

PERHAPS the most notable thing of the second week of Lent, was the gossip focused upon the "Vanderbilt party." That Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt should make up a merry little party to fly from the wintry March winds and snows to the balmy, tropical air of Palm Beach is in itself not surprising. In fact, what is more natural than that the Vanderbilt private car should find itself traveling toward Southern Florida at this wretched season of the year?

The only really interesting item of gossip lay in the fact that young Cornelius, Jr., was not in the party. For even this young favorite of fortune has his troubles, and the stern but wise parent's swift, not to say peremptory, dipping in the bud of young love's dream, and the sudden recall home from the presence of the

arranged their party with thought for the future welfare of several of these young people, and that they are willing to remove every obstacle in the course of true love if all other things are consistent and proper. That we shall have announcements of early Summer weddings with June roses galore is a foregone conclusion.

Count Hadik de Futak is a Hungarian noble, and it goes without saying that he is charming, as every one knows who has visited Budapest, the "delectable" capital of his country. Nowhere are more delightful companions to be found than among the aristocracy of Hungary. Count Hadik is no exception to the rule. A man of the world and wealthy, it was not surprising, therefore, that when he visited Newport a few years ago, the residents of the rock-bound Isle took to him and he to them, and

best bills and tuckers. Many of them were wealthy and garlanded in glowing flowers by adoring mistresses, and the Pierpont Morgans, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mrs. Orme Wilson, Miss Edith Newbold, Mrs. Richard Carman, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Robert McCreery and plenty more well-known people came to see them.

The personal was very much the same as it is at the Horse Show, indeed, the male element, which was conspicuous by its absence.

Mrs. Rita Hone Mackay Wilkes is about to add another name—that of Jones—to her already four-fold cognomen. The Jones in the case is Herman Leroy Jones, on his mother's side of Kingsland stock, and is a well-known man about town. The lady in the case is a daughter of Philip Hone, who was drowned last year, and besides being twice divorced in seven years—she is only twenty-two—she has found time to do a good deal of theatrical work. She has recently appeared in the "Sporting Duchess," under the name of Virginia Paul. The Hones are a well-known old New York family and the best extant book on the social life of Gotham during the first half of the century is Philip Hone's diary, written by the grandfather of the lady above referred to. To a New Yorker this is quite a delightful book, full of good bits, such, for example, as a battle with walking sticks, between William Cullen Bryant and James Watson Webb, on the sidewalk of lower Broadway, which Mr. Hone viewed from his dressing room window, or the extreme pride and naughtiness of Remy Remble when she made her debut in New York, or perhaps the impressions made by Lafayette on his visit in the twelfth.

The Stuyvesant Fishes have just returned from their Southern trip. Mrs. Robinson

The idea is, of course, to bring society and yachting into close relations, and to induce the men who have been yachting all day to go in for festivities at night, as is done on the pleasant shores and waters of the Isle of Wight.

It seems to me if I were a yacht owner, and desired to build a new boat, I would go to the designer whose ships had won the most races. This is not, however, the way of the German Emperor. That impulsive monarch has had two badly beaten boats from the designs of Watson, and now he is leaping fate for the third time. I suppose on the principle of luck in odd numbers Mr. Watson is no doubt a clever man, but one would think that last Summer's records in the Baltic race, where the Herreshoff twenty-rater literally left the Watson productions, might have caused the Emperor to reflect. However, when one sees men like Ogden Goelet, Rutherford Stuyvesant, and many other Americans place their orders abroad, the action of William of Hohenzollern is not so strange.

Appropos of Mr. Ogden Goelet, he, on board White Lady, was the only American yachtsman to fly his signal at the opening of the Riviera season, on which occasion the mistral blew with such demoralizing ferocity that, barring that very powerful vessel, the Satalia, not a boat showed its nose outside the harbor. I really expect, to see before very long billiard-owning pleasure vessels of the size of Lucania. Certainly the drift goes that way. Last year W. R. Vanderbilt's Yacht had in tonnage, but very soon her comb will be cut by the ship Watson is building for Ogden Goelet, which measures 1750 tons and is as large as the old-time ocean liners.

I knew that Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes and

a sluggish brook runs by it from a swamp which used to be capital woodcock ground. Indeed, in the olden days people attributed the freedom of the Van Cortlandt family from zymotic diseases rather to their primitive Holland constitutions and to the excellence of the Madefia in their cellar than to the healthful situation of the mansion.

Mr. Alfred Ronalds Conkling comes of a notable stock, and the young lady to whom he will be married soon after Easter is a daughter of the artist, Mr. Eastman Johnson, who a good many of us consider as the peer of any man in his profession. The Conklings intend sailing for Europe immediately after the wedding. Other of the Easter week weddings are those of Miss Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of the late Pendleton Rogers, to E. S. Ransom, of Cincinnati; of Miss Ethel Hunt, daughter of the late Seth Ellis Hunt, to Mr. Gilbert Congdon Wood; of Miss Louise Robb, daughter of Mr. James Hampden Robb, to Goodhue Livingston, and of Miss Kingsland, daughter of G. L. Kingsland, to A. Newbold Morris, Jr.

Society has at last "caught on," so to speak, to the true inwardness of the Lenten Sewing Class, which consists in having the sewing done outside and devoting the hour to gossip and refreshments. Sadly enough, however, just as society had discovered the proper way of conducting a sewing class, by having the sewing done out, came the decadence of the class itself, and, compared to a few years ago, the classes of this season have been of a feeble sort. However, the popular "O. N." (Ogden and Nelson) class has resumed its weekly meeting and Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Havemeyer have given, or will give, in turn this species of Lenten self-mortifying entertainments.

able when one reads the list of the names of the men who have carried on the enterprise. Men of the class of Philip Schuyler, C. C. Worthington, Calvin Brice, Walter Webb, Buchanan Winthrop, Edwin Gould and so on are apt to get somewhere when they try, and in this case the somewhere means 500 acres of well situated land, a beautiful clubhouse nearly finished, and as good golf links, polo fields and appliances for sport generally as exist in the country. And, when finished, will be the best appointed and convenient country club we have.

I am informed on very good authority that Mr. William Waldorf Astor did not behold Editor Cust, of the Pall Mall Gazette, because of the anti-American tone of the paper, which was only in line with the Tory policy of the Pall Mall Gazette, but because the head of Cust aforesaid had so well as in imagination he owned the paper, with Astor not in it, and the latter, who is a good-natured and long-suffering man, had to use the axe. People journalists in London consider, as a rule, that Cust made an idiot of himself, as the paper was becoming a power, and the Astor employ is always a good one.

Mrs. Sherwood was very happy in her Thursday's reading on King Ludwig of Bavaria. To be sure, she had in the performance of that maddest of the madhouses of Wittelsbach a very prolix theme, for to recount all of Ludwig's eccentricities would take not an afternoon, but a hundred and one nights. There are few readers, though, who can illustrate and point a subject with personal reminiscences as can Mrs. Sherwood, who has been everywhere and has known all people of her day worth knowing, as always at Mrs. Sherwood's entertainments, the music was excellent.

There are two notable socio-charitable

is no doubt that a liberal response will be made to Mr. Arthur Turnure's appeal for aid and suggestions for the doll show, with the proceeds of which he proposes to swell the hospital fund. The idea has been taken from a similar show recently given in London. The dolls will be dressed by the leading designers by joining the will present a great variety of subjects. Dolls in fashionable dresses, dolls in national dresses, dolls of the Occident and the Orient, of the Tropics and of the Arctic will be on view, so that in an ethnological point of view the show will be a good object lesson. Incidentally it will cause many small children to break the tenth commandment into many fragments. Among the patronesses are Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Charles T. Barney, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Heber R. Bishop, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Ellbridge Gerry, Mrs. G. G. Haven, Mrs. John W. Minton, Mrs. Oakley Rhineland, Mrs. Arthur Turnure, Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. Orme Wilson, with a host of others.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan certainly is a thoroughly all-around man. It is really astonishing how he finds time and memory to keep up with his various occupations. I feel certain that he could not give an off-hand list of the clubs and associations of which he is a member, but recently he added to their number by joining the Commercial Travellers' Association as an honorary member, emphasizing his actions with the largest check that the C. T.'s have ever received.

Mrs. Sidney Harris's debut in professional elocution will occur at the Waldorf on March 20 under the patronage of such well-known women as Mrs. Frank Stanger, Mrs. Philip Lydig and Mrs. Searle Barclay. Mrs. Harris was formerly Miss Kitty Brady and is a sister of Mrs. Albert Stevens. If Mrs. Harris recites as well as she swims—and I have no doubt of her cleverness in that exercise—the result will be a triumph and success. At any rate, Mrs. Harris has an hereditary check that she for the vacation she has chosen.

I do not, as a rule, go to amateur performances, but the cast which is to give "Patience" at the Metropolitan on the evening of the 19th is such a promising one that I may possibly drop in. Miss Mansfield, the solo soprano of the First Presbyterian Church, takes the part of Patience, and the rest of the cast is of excellent quality, so that the singing at least will be good. Possibly the singing may not be up to the singing, but with the list of patronesses here given there can be no doubt of the social success of the affair—Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. William F. Heine, Mrs. Samuel Sloane, Mrs. Daniel Butterfield, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. Frederick Baker, Mrs. A. Julliard, among others.

The Cornelius Vanderbilts gave a large theatre party on Monday evening. A jolly supper followed the play at the house, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street.

The Frederic Goodridges gave a large farewell dinner on the same night. The decorations of the table were springlike, consisting of tulips, crocuses and violets. Mrs. and Miss Goodridge sail for Europe on Saturday.

It is apparently not wrong to go to the theatre in Lent, though the failure of the

March, in Jersey City.

fair but forbidden one, has resulted in a seclusion of himself and his shattered memories in the wintry waste of Newport, where, rumor has it—sounded to a mistress's eyebrows being quite out of date—he is indulging in a most unpoetical fit of snobs over the hard-heartedness of the world in general and millionaire parents in especial. He has been sulking by himself in Newport, unhappy and alone since his summary recall from Paris and the presence of his love.

The little Vanderbilt party is an interesting one as viewed from the standpoint of millions. Who can say how much wealth is represented in that Wagner coach, which, by the way, has no name, but is known to railroad men simply as "car number 4037." First, of course, the host and hostess. Then Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, with the prospective dowry of an Empress. Miss Helen Morton, whose father, Governor Levi P. Morton, is certainly not among the poor, whether the division of his wealth be long or short. Miss Mabel Gerry too, is a young lady whose name has a golden ring, and leads one to think of the sound New York really, widespread and fully improved, which makes up the multi-millionaire Goelet estate.

In the party list, too, occur the names of Miss Sibyl Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Watts Sherman; of Miss Bishop, also well gifted; Tom Cushing, Linsend Stewart, again city lots galore with brick and warehouses on top of them; George Wade, whose name calls up visions of broad acres of fat wheat lands dotted with mighty oaks and elms in the wide stretch of the fair Genesee. Philip Lydig and Dudley Winthrop too have been names of wealth for generations, and then also included in the party last, but not least, I come upon the name of Harry Whitney, with all that means in the way of countless millions of barrels of oil pumped out of our common mother earth by human craft and device transmitted into the wealth which doesn't perish if you only invest it wisely. And of all the alchemists that ever piled the trade since alchemy began never have been more potent ones than Oliver Payne, the Rockefeller, Fingers et al, of the men who built up the Standard Oil Company, and Harry Whitney is the son of Oliver Payne's pet and deeply mourned sister, and besides William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and possible Presidential candidate is not himself a poor man, and Harry is his son.

Truly to the cars which bear the Vanderbilt party southward the chariot of Midas would be but a huckster's cart. Although not given to match making, it is shrewdly guessed that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have

he soon became one of the most popular foreigners who has ever danced and dined in New York society. Quite recently, Count Hadik returned to this country for a flying trip, and an incident of his visit was a domino party which he gave on Tuesday evening at the Mendelssohn Rooms. Of course, domino parties in Lent are wicked, but one can't be too strictly virtuous at all times, especially when Count Hadik, the Countess, Winthrop, Ogden Mills, and in fact all of the Newport set who were in town, must have been invited to his very unique entertainment. Hungary is next door to the Orient, and the Hungarians are of Oriental stock, so the Count's party took place in an Oriental setting of draperies and dresses, with Eastern hangings on the walls and Eastern dresses on the servants. The hostess of the occasion was Mrs. Ogden Mills, who helped Count Hadik to receive his guests.

Captain and Mrs. Clarence Postley leave to-morrow for Florida, to be the guests of Mrs. Chester W. Chapin at Tampa. Mrs. Chapin's daughter, the Marquise de la Tour de Vilette, and Miss and Mrs. Gilson are of the house party. Captain Postley some time ago bought the eighty-mile-long Colombia, which was built for a cup defender, but not approved because the Virginia could beat her to windward. The boat was put in the hands of A. Cary Smith, who has had a centerboard put in and is turning her into a schooner. Captain Postley's last ship was the schooner Ramona, formerly Resolute, belonging to the U. S. Hatch. The Chapins place in the South is one of the best country places in the South in the way of house and grounds, and wherever Chester W. Chapin is there is sure to be sport. For whether it is hunting bears in the Rockies or in Wall Street, handling a big schooner in a blow, or ending a wily fish, Mr. Chapin is thoroughly at home.

The saying that a "Cat may look at a King" probably arose from the high and mighty keep-your-place air which is characteristic of puss. Certainly the cats during the past week, if they did not have the opportunity of regarding any kings, did see a number of society leaders, and gave them with telling effect. The Angouves were quite beautiful to behold, though there is not about them that air of mystery and occultness possessed by some of the other breeds of the genus. Mrs. Evelyn Clark exhibited two beautiful Angouves, one a pair of kittens, and a lovely handsome beast is Swedish, a Persian, owned by Miss Louise Morgan. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's daughter, with eyes of blazing topaz, a markedly bushy tail and a general air of mystery. He looked for all the world as if at any moment he might say: "Now I am King of the cats," and vanish up the chimney as did the animal mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in a conversation with Washington Irving. And there was Nicodemus, the great hero of Mr. Bryant Hughes's last year's pleasant mystification, when, with a street cat and a fake pedigree, he won a prize and was offered an enormous sum of money by the New York Standard. The unknownness of his general Nicodemus is a very worthy cat and to be commended. Although the cat was not given to match making, it is shrewdly guessed that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have

and her pretty grand-daughter, Miss Morgan, who has been spending this winter with her, have gone to Southern California for the Spring months. The Henry Clews and Miss Elsie Clews sail for foreign shores next week, and the John Jacob Astors expect to cross about the same time.

I hear from Newport only glowing accounts of the prospect for the season. The real estate dealers "point with pride," as the stump orators put it, to the fact that they have broken all previous records in the letting of cottages at this time of the year. Up to date forty cottages have been rented, and the prospect is that no owner who desires to draw an income from a Newport cottage in this year of grace 1896 will be disappointed. Recent lettings are one of the Plinai cottages to Mr. Buchanan Winthrop, the Comptroller House to Mr. H. K. Norman and Mrs. Van Reed's villa to Mr. H. Laurence Morris. The John J. Drexels show their appreciation of the city-by-the-sea by their purchase of the Fairman Rogers estate at Ochre Point. The H. M. Drexels have also entered the list of cottagers, having bought Vineyard from the Louis L. Lorillards, and the Alexander Van Rensselaer place, which has been unoccupied for many years, has recently been acquired by Mr. William Noble, of New York City. Calvin Bruce has released the Waldorf Astor cottage for next season, and the supposition is that he may buy the property eventually, as there is little doubt that Mr. Astor will ever care to return to Newport's fair shores again.

The open-air horse show bids fair to be an attractive success, both socially and as an equine spectacle. Mr. Prescott Lawrence, the president, and Harry F. Edrley, who is the secretary of the association, are men who well understand the art and mystery of organizing horse shows, and they and the members of the association are hard at work over the preliminary arrangements.

There is a good prospect of having what for want of a better word is called a Cowes week at Newport this Summer.

family were going to California and Mexico. Although I did not see them start off, I can confidently refute the statement that the family would not start off. Train is the proper word—not car—when the Anson Phelps Stokeses travel.

One relic of the past that the Colonial Dames should try to secure when they take possession of the lower Van Cortlandt manor, in Van Cortlandt Park, and inaugurate therein the Colonial museum, are the two marble eagles which used to decorate the gate posts of the old mansion. These eagles are wild and fierce looking birds of the Spanish sort, and they grasp firmly two balls as large as the largest bowling size. The story of the eagles is that they were in the days of the "Jenkens's war," 1745, part of the cabin adornments of a Spanish galleon, which became prize of war to the stout admiral, Sir Peter Warren, who in those adventurous days used to sail forth from his eyrie in Old Greenwich village and swoop down with gainful interest on the Spanish Main. This valiant old tar presented the eagles to some bygone Van Cortlandt, who promptly erected them on his gate posts.

By the way, apropos of this interesting old mansion, I note that one of my contemporaries locates it on "high ground and commanding a view." This is as true as the fact that the White House at Washington is being on a mountain. The Van Cortlandt house is on low ground, and

winding up the penitential season at Mrs. Havemeyer's on March 20. On this occasion, as always when the lady in question opens her doors and bids her chef prepare, there will be a feast fit for gods, and for which men and women should be duly thankful.

I regret to hear of the death in Paris of the Countess de Rohan Chabot, born Zella Heyward. Madame de Rohan was the daughter of the late Henry Heyward, of this city, who was a member of the well-known South Carolina family of Heywards, and her first husband was the late Albert Gallatin. The Countess was a great beauty and a social success both in the city of her birth and that of her adoption and she will be missed by a large circle.

People with a Colonial family record are searching their possessions and culling from them articles of the Colonial period to decorate the pink rooms at Sherry's for the Colonial Dame luncheon, which is to take place on March 12, under the leadership of Mrs. Howard Townsend, president of the society. This luncheon is to be as Colonial as possible and that it is even rumored that the guests will be offered the choicest of long short speeches, molasses or sugar, in their tea, after the last century fashion.

The success of the Ardley Casino, whose stately house looks forth from the Hudson bank half way between Dobbs Ferry and Irvington, is not, after all, very remarkable.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

This Man Foretold the Election of Three Presidents and Now Says Cul- lom is the Coming Man.

While statesmen of the different parties are wondering who will be the next to sit in the Presidential chair, there is in Washington a man who has foretold the election of three Presidents, and now asserts that he knows who is to be the successor of Mr. Cleveland.

This man is a Doctor Keyser, a physician and Spiritualist of note. Keyser is a man of middle life. He lives in comfortable style, and there is in his conversation nothing of the visionary.

He has held frequent communications with spirits. Among his papers are photographs alleged to be of his dead children, who came back to him, and whose bodies were photographed by an ordinary camera.

When questioned by a Journal reporter as to the truth of the fact that spirits had communicated to him the name of our next President, he did not deny the fact, but asserted that the story was true.

"I cannot explain just exactly how the presentment is made known to me," he answered. "But it is by a method of communicating of the mind with the spirit-world. We on the earth plane are surrounded at all times by spirits, and those who are dead are still all about us."

"Weeks before the convention met at which Garfield was named I predicted the event, though Grant and Blaine stood in the way of it, as every one thought. Gar-

field was not heard of in the way of a candidate. Yet I knew it was to be Garfield. The fact had come to me from the spirit-world, and one of my friends, who wished to bet on the subject, came to me to get information. I told him I could not give knowledge of the future for any such purpose, but on his promising not to bet on the facts I told him Garfield was already named by those who were in the other world. The election of Harrison was foretold by me, and also the success of Cleveland when he ran for the third time. "My mind has again been made the recipient of knowledge of future events. It is impressed upon me that the next man to sit in the White House will be Cullom, of Illinois. The convention will not nominate him at first. There will be several days of wrangling. It will be about the 21st of the month when Cullom will be chosen. Reed will be the next man on the ticket, if he will accept the place."

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March, at Palm Beach.

events to come off on the 20th and 26th of this month. The affair of the 20th is an amateur Spring bonnet show, with a selling attachment, to be given by Mrs. Richard Stevens at her residence, "New House," in the grounds of historic Castle Point, Hoboken. The bonnets and hats will be of the most up-to-date sort, trimmed by the fingers of the best known women of being contrived to business, is on the contrary, productive of envy, malice and a large variety of unrighteousness. So the modern fashion-leader tries to modify and render gentle and charitable her guests by feeding them into a proper Lenten frame of mind.

At an exhibition of paintings at No. 347 Fifth avenue there is an interesting picture, entitled "An American Duchess," which is really a portrait of Mrs. Theodore Sutro. The artist is Miss Maria Brooks.

The Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria Hospital is society's latest charity, and there is likely to be a good one.

WHERE PIRATE'S DIED.

The Famous Gallows Tree That Once Stood on Liberty Island.

An ancient gallows, worn with usage and covered with the dust of years, lies in a gallery included in the quarters of the United States Circuit Court, in the Federal building. Five lives have been taken through its assistance, and all by order of Uncle Sam. Its history reaches back to the days of piracy and slavery.

Notches on the transverse beam, from which depended the fatal nooses, tell the story of its deadly services. Five of these speak in mute but eloquent terms of the strange and monstrous crimes in old days which seem almost incredible in this end of the century. They tell of the summary punishment of pirates, slavers, spies and guerrillas, before and during the civil war. They tell not only of a pirate executed on Ellis Island and others convicted of equally atrocious crimes, but bear witness to the execution of a well-born college graduate of Louisiana, who made a desperate and partially successful attempt to burn the principal buildings of New York City in 1863.

The longest piece of material that goes to make up the gibbet is a jolt seventeen feet in length. It is the cross bar from which depended the nooses. Straight and stout and true is this bit of timber, and as sound, apparently, as the day it was first sawed into shape and the places chiseled out in which the stout pulleys carrying the hangman's rope were set. These pulleys even

run smoothly to-day. They are boxwood wheels, on which human souls have sped from time to eternity. There are two uprights, fourteen feet high, and two other beams to make the gallows stand firm and true. The rest are short braces to give the structure strength, and one of them is missing. Upon one beam there are five nooses, the record of the lives taken on this frame. On another is written the words, "O. A. Dennison, Goshen," in token that the instrument once went to Orange County as a friendly loan.

Piracy and murder on the high seas were the deeds that caused the cutting of the first notch in the gallows. It was triple murder—the killing of three men for a handful of gold and silver and a few articles of clothing of little value. It occurred on an oyster sloop in the lower bay. The mate of the sloop had learned that the captain had considerable money on board, and in order to get hold of it attacked the captain one night as he slept in his cabin. He struck him with an axe, and the captain, bleeding from his wounds, fought desperately for his life till the walls and cabin were smeared with blood. The mate finally dispatched his victim by throwing him overboard, just off Sandy Hook. The murderer then turned his attention to the two colored boys on board, and finally succeeded in driving both of them overboard, after cutting them in a horrible manner. The mate then scuttled the schooner and escaped to the shore in a small boat. The vessel did not sink, however, and was afterward brought up as evidence at the trial. Effects, the mate, was found guilty, and went to the gallows where the bronze Statue of Liberty now stands. Hundreds of

the citizens of old New York went over to the island in all sorts of craft to witness the hanging.

The second notch was cut when Nathaniel Gordon, a slaver of old New York, was executed. Gordon was a Dutch East Yankee, sailing in the "Yankee," a fast, efficient, and slave trader. After several successful voyages he was finally caught with over eight hundred slaves on board. He was sentenced to hang, and was executed on the gallows. The gallows was a long and exciting chase, and Gordon was brought to New York for trial. Several of his crew appeared against him at the trial. He was convicted in a short order, and in due time the second notch was cut.

The crime which caused the cutting of the third notch was a murder aboard an American ship, committed in the English Channel. The man who was executed was William Henry Hawkins, the colored cook on the ship *Lamerique*. One day the captain, William H. Adams, struck Hawkins because the latter's cooking was not to his taste. In the night the cook stole into the captain's cabin and killed him.

The fourth and fifth notches are records of military hangings. Captain James Y. Beall, a Virginian, who commanded a company in the Second Virginia, was arrested near Suspension Bridge, tried as a spy and guerrilla, convicted on every charge and sentenced to be hanged. He was executed on the gallows. Robert Cobb Kennedy, a son of Mr. John Kennedy, who had been two years at West Point, and then lived as a planter in Louisiana, ends the list. On November 25, 1864, he was determined by a band of conspirators to burn the city of New York. Kennedy was the ringleader of this band. The night of that date broke out in ten different points of the city and in Kennedy's Museum, Kennedy escaped to Canada, but detectives were on his track. As they were crossing the Detroit River he was arrested and brought back to New York. He was hanged upon the old beams which now lie peacefully in their dusty quarters, mute evidence of horrors of other days.

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